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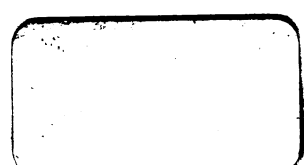
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25 American.



Fred'h. M. Briggs.

J. W. Briggs

Jan 1 1894

Jan. 1904

NBI
Pentfield





The
Four Leaved
Clover

THE
FOUR LEAVED CLOVER

AND
OTHER POEMS

BY
THORNTON B. PENFIELD

THE NEW YORK
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Gustave A. Ernest

Down in the meadow green

A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER

He was only a sprig of clover,
But he raised his head with pride
As he looked his comrades over,
Growing on every side.
He had come with the birds in springtime
When the snow had left the ground,
A wee, little, lonesome stranger,
When he first had looked around.
But day by day he had strengthened
As the sun shone glad and strong;
His leaves had widened and lengthened
As he sang his little song:

“I’m only a four-leaved clover
Down in the meadow green;
They hunt for me all over,
And they’re lucky when I’m seen,”



Gustave A. Ernest

Her sharp eyes spied the beauty

J 9 Y H

And people passed before him,
But so quiet and still lay he,
That they never dreamed they were o'er him
When near as near could be.
So he grew by the side of the daisy,
Close to the busy feet.
Why! the rascal seemed to be lazy,
Compared with the rustling wheat.
But there came his day of duty,
For a maiden passed that way,
And her sharp eyes spied the beauty,
And she heard him softly say:

“I'm only a four-leaved clover
Down in the meadow green,
They hunt for me all over,
And they're lucky when I'm seen.”



Put away in a book on the shelf

Then she picked the little treasure
And carried him safe away,
With a gentle thrill of pleasure
Upon that summer day.
And now he's a dry little fellow,
Put away in a book on the shelf;
No longer so green and so mellow,
But a brown, straight, stiff little elf.
Is all of his usefulness over
Since he's left the green meadow below?
Just you put your ear to the clover
And you'll hear him whispering low:

“I'm only a four-leaved clover
Once from the meadow green;
They hunted for me all over,
And they're lucky, now I'm seen.”

A LETTER

FAIR MAIDEN:—In thy soft brown eyes,
When looking into mine,
I see a light, a tell-tale ray,
Which, by the god's design,
Reveals a soul both pure and true—
An impulse strong and fine.

I fain would linger looking thus
At eyes so fair to see,
And try to read in lovely depths
The hidden mystery;
But something warns my eager self
That dangerous 't would be.

A LETTER

Ah! What an influence those eyes
Can have with Cupid's darts,
When language that ne'er passes lips
The eye alone imparts;
Fair maid, beware, and trifle not
With any brave young hearts.

Columbia's sons, with all their fun,
Are ever brave and true;
Are always quick to recognize
True worth and beauty too,
Such as I find in thee combined,
Thou friend of "WHITE AND BLUE."

TO MARTHA

MARTHA:—It is but a trifle
Which I have brought to thee
At this, the merry Christmas tide
Of mirth and jollity.

But while I was thinking about it,
I heard a whispering elf
Say, “Can’t you send something bigger?
Why don’t you send yourself?”

And so I have come, fair Martha,
And brought my trifle too;
And that, you may keep forever,
And myself,—for a day or two.



THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

The longest day as most folks say,
Is found 'mid summer's clover;
While the shortest day in winter's found
When summer joys are over.

But the shortest day I've known was when
You filled its hours with laughter
A week ago—and the longest day
Was the very next day after.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF LOVE

Bound Love, you ask? Trace on the map and show
The changing moods of all her boundary line?
Mark mountain peaks of strength, and valleys low,
Where, soft and smooth, life-giving waters flow?
I dare not try—the art's not mine.

For though the Land of Love is dear to me,
And though I've lingered long upon her shore,
This island in the midst of friendship's sea
With all its depths of thrilling mystery
Doth baffle and bewilder more and more.



THE CALL

Matt. xi., 28

As I sat in my window one afternoon
And watched the snow flakes fall,
And communed with myself, while all alone,
I heard a soft voice call;
And it said to me in the silence deep,
“I love thee more than all.”

I turned, but nothing could I see
From whence the voice could come,
So I said to myself, “It is the wind
That through the trees doth roam.”
But the voice kept ringing in my ears,
And it said “My child, come home.”

THE CALL

Then all at once I understood:—

'Twas the voice of my God above
Who was speaking to me in this quiet way,
These tender words of love;
And I gladly cried, “My father, I come—
No longer will I rove.”

And now, content, I rest in Him,
Secure from all alarm,
And when I feel my strength will fail,
I lean on His strong arm;
For I know that He will keep me safe
From every kind of harm.



A NATIONAL HYMN

In loving adoration
We come to worship Thee,
Thou Author of Salvation;
So wonderful, so free.
Oh, teach us how to praise Thee,
As we before Thee stand,
And hear us as we pray Thee
To bless our own dear land.

A NATIONAL HYMN

For millions still in darkness
 Within this land of light,
For men who've wandered blindly
 From God and home and right --
And those who ne'er have seen Thee,
 Thou God of love and might,
We earnestly beseech Thee--
 May they receive their sight.

A NATIONAL HYMN

Be Thou our strong defender,
Our confidence alone,
Be Thou our country's ruler,
Our nation's corner-stone;
And thus led by Thy Spirit,
And heeding Thy blest word,
From ocean unto ocean
All men shall call Thee Lord,



GOD'S GIFT

There came one bright day
Into our happy home,
 Sent to us as a gift from above,
God's spirit of life
In the soul of a babe,—
 His assurance of infinite love.

And with wonder and joy
We beheld our sweet babe;
 God spake to us through her, we knew;
For she carried the air
Of an atmosphere rare,—
 Like a flower from the vine where it grew.

GOD'S GIFT

And with each passing day
A new pleasure we find;
 A new lesson of goodness we learn;
And our hearts grow more soft,
And our love grows more strong,
 As the leading of God we discern.

So now we are bound
With a tenderer tie
 To each other, and to Him who hath given
This blossom so sweet
Wrapped in small baby form;—
 A bit of the fragrance of Heaven.



HIS TWO "BEST GIRLS"

I tell ye, pard, I'm a happy chap
 Though I'm wandering off my claim,
For I've traveled far and seen so much
 That I've most forgot my name—
But my heart is strong and my wind is good,
 And the blood in me just whirls;—
And that's the way a fellow feels
 When he's sure of two "best girls."

HIS TWO “BEST GIRLS”

Yes, "two best girls" is what I said;
They're dandies, you kin bet;
For each one is as trim and true
As the hoss on which you set.
One of them is clean and straight,
And bright like the morning sun;
And t'other,—well, you'd oughter see
My little fair-haired one.

HIS TWO “BEST GIRLS”

You needn't look so thunderin' queer—

I ain't in the big' my line;

Nor I ain't the man to give a steer

To any girl of mine.

I've got the love of both them girls,

And I'll love them all my life;

For the little one's my daughter,

And the other is my wife.



THE MASTER'S FLOWER

Of all the flowers of the garden
One lay near the gardener's heart—
A rose of rarest culture—
The triumph of his art.

And carefully he watched it,
As steadily it grew;
Kissed by the loving sunbeam,
Lulled by the gentle dew,

Till at last the rose-bud forming,
Foretold the glories within;
The richness of folded beauty
Proclaimed it, the roses' queen.

And the gardener's heart was happy,
And he took me out to view
This treasure of his garden
In the corner where it grew.

THE MASTER'S FLOWER

So we went to smell its fragrance,
To share his victory won;
But we found—the empty rosebush
And the flower, plucked and gone.

“Who plucked my treasured rose-bud?”
With grief and pain he cried,
“Who dared to cross my pleasure
And strip me of my pride?”

The gardener's boy made answer:
“The master passed this way
And carried it to the castle
To grace his feast to-day.”

The face of the gardener softened.
“’Tis well,” he gently said,
“Master should have the choicest
That grows in the flower-bed.”

THE MASTER'S FLOWER

“ My garden is the master’s,
And I’m the master’s man;
My flowers are his for the plucking,
Whene’er it be his plan.”

And I thought of another garden,
And another flower gone,
Where the Master had plucked a blossom
And hearts were sad and lone.

But the Master took the loved one
Safe to His Home above,
To join in Heavenly anthems
And live in Heavenly love.

And so I think that sometimes
God takes our flowers away
To grace His home up yonder,
And should we say Him nay?



A GREEK LEGEND

To their thrones on Mount Olympus,
Where the eagle takes his flight,
Where the shining car of Phœbus
Burns with beams of purest light,
Where the birds, like loving sweethearts,
With the laughing sunbeams play,
Went the Deities to counsel
Traveling o'er the milky way.

And their thoughts on earth were fastened,
Each with grave and gentle face,
Wishing to bestow a favor
On the long-loved human race.
When they passed within the portals
Of the etherial home of Jove,
All in silence took their places
'Round his star-gemmed throne above.

A GREEK LEGEND

Then arose the loveliest creature
Of the fair assemblage there—
Venus—ruler of love's passion—
Venus—of the golden hair.
As she spake, an eager silence
Hushed e'en Bacchus on his throne,
And the gods bent forth to listen
While she made her wishes known.

“Know I well that man is mortal—
Know I well he passeth soon—
Lo, he riseth in the morning—
Lo, he fadeth e'er the noon—
I would make his life more happy—
I would teach him how to love;
I will send my dearest treasure,
Cupid, on the earth to rove.”

A GREEK LEGEND

Tears stood in the fair one's eyelids
As she took her darling's hand,
Led him to her father, ruler
Of the heavens, sea and land;
But the monarch shook his head,
And his glance with tender smile
Rested on the boy and mother—
Not a word he spake the while.

Then replied the wise Minerva,
“Man does not need love alone;
What he needs is right and justice
So that he may hold his own.
Love and justice should be brothers—
Let us form a precious chain,
Binding hearts in perfect union,
‘Harvesting a useful grain.’ ”

A GREEK LEGEND

At the words, with joyful chorus
 Joined the gods in heavenly song,
While Olympus rang with music,
 Bright and gladsome, clear and strong.
And with blue from heaven's deepness,
 Twined with gold from off the sun,
Formed they then the band of brothers
 Known as "Delta Upsilon."

And e'er since that band's been growing—
 Widening, strengthening, day by day,
Until now a mighty army
 Feels its power and owns its sway;
And, far in the distant future,
 Where all night is turned to day,
There we'll find our perfect union,
 Brothers, through eternity.

ALL

ALL

It was at an evening party
That I met a maiden fair,
With a skin of alabaster
And a wealth of wavy hair;
And as my fingers touched hers,
As she stood there in the hall,
I felt that I had lost my heart!
She was my all in all.



I met her on another eve,
What joy filled all my heart!
And I felt as if I never
Could bear from her to part:
So I asked her, very softly,
If, the next day, I might call
At her home. She said "Perhaps so,
If you want to." That was all.

Well, I called there on the morrow
With a smile upon my face,
While my heart beat like a hammer
As I peared the hallowed place.
When I came out somewhat later
*I was mad enough to bawl—
Why? The only one
I met there
Was her husband—
That was all.



* This line has been criticised. I
promised to print any improvement.
Below are the suggestions I received.
The reader may select, or may make
up a new line if mine is still unsatis-
factory.—*The Author.*

“ Despair had settled like a pall.”
“ I had scarcely strength to crawl.”
“ Cupid was running 'round the wall.”
“ Love had fled beyond recall.”
“ Hope had suffered a mighty fall.”
“ Nectar had turned to bitterest gall.”

